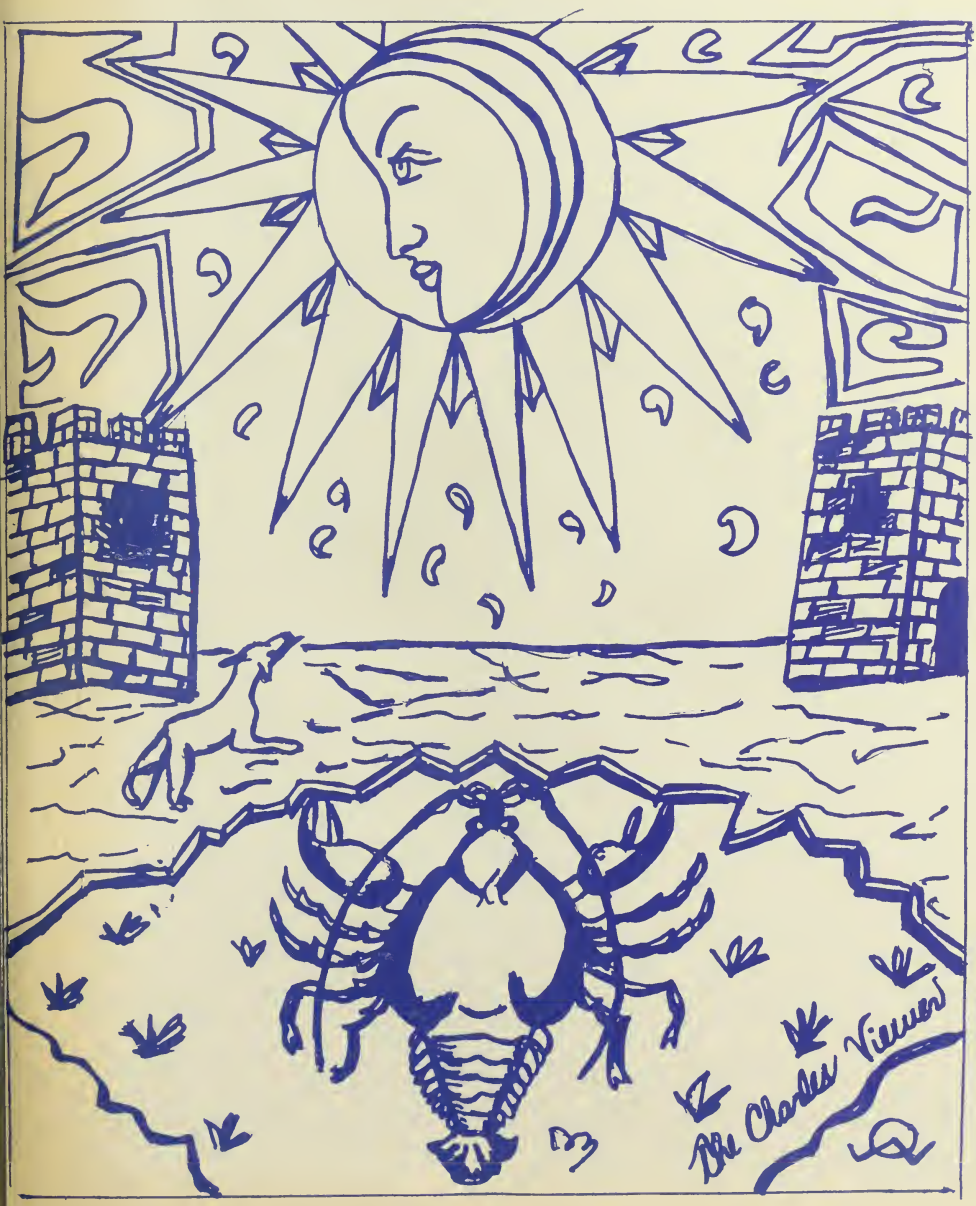
FISHER JUNIOR COLLEGE



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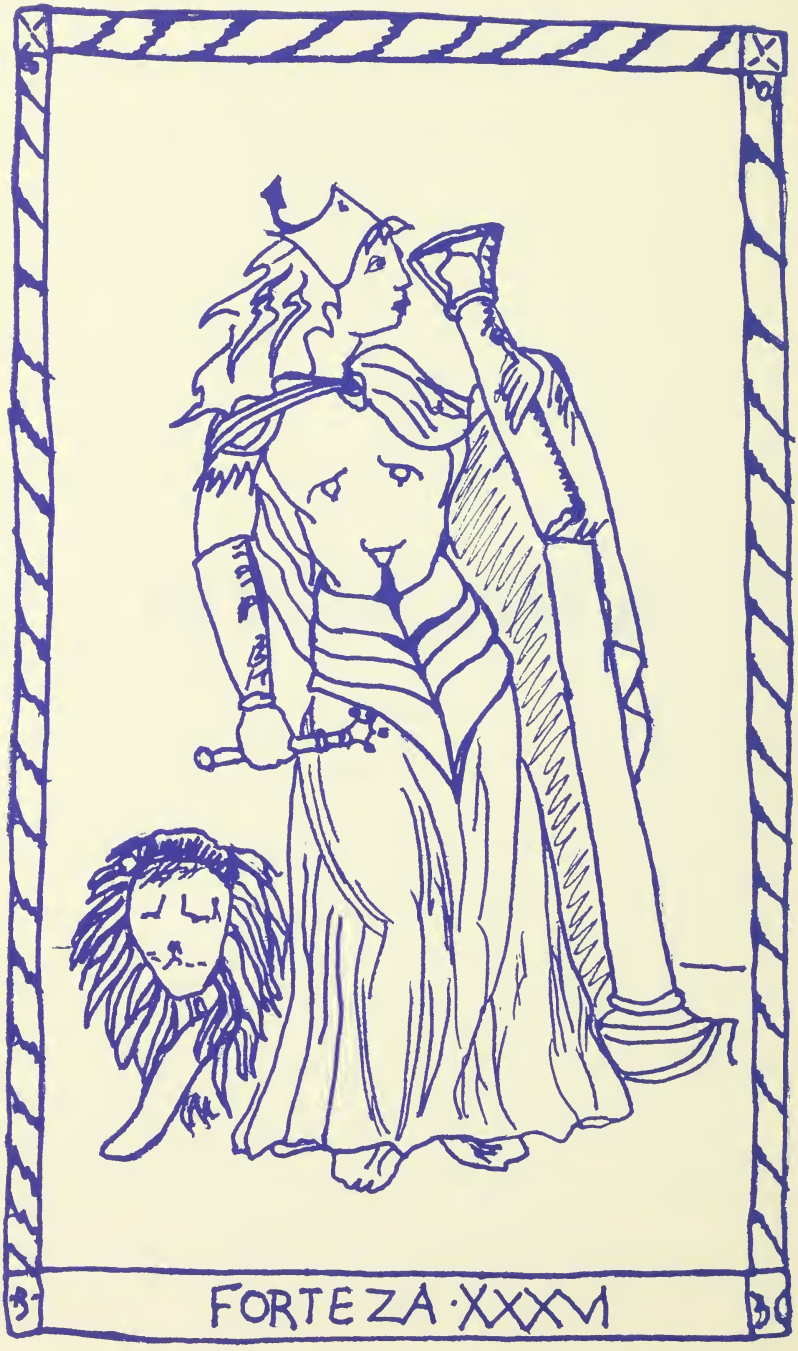

FORTEZA·XXXVI

NOW

This is the year of today.
Concentrate.
Devote yourself to this moment—
not the next;
For today is here now,
not tomorrow or yesterday.
If you dwell on today too long
you'll miss it.
And waste another today
on yesterday.

Ginny Cahill

The Auction

Here we have a fine young heifer, folks. Notice the large liquid brown eyes, set into the divine face like two clay marbles in a bowl of bread dough. She's a smart one, she is. Notice the dreamy glazed look, the quiet nonchalance with which she chews the cud of your last phrase over and over, trying desperately to absorb some sort of nutritive value. We will start the bidding at three corned-beef sandwiches and a color TV.

Meanwhile let's go on to something more enlightening. This fine young filly--take notice of the long legs and well-formed rump--she's a beauty all right--just came in from the West Coast. I'll tell you folks, this one should be in the movies. Note the flashing eyes, the large straight white teeth. They've never been capped, mind you. Just ask her about nothing in particular and she'll neigh all day about it, especially if it has something to do with the Cosmos or cosmetics for that matter. Let's start the bidding with a bowl of plain yogurt and three bags of alfalfa sprouts.

Back up now, people. This one tends to be a bit spirited. She has a mind of her own. Notice the large well-formed cranium. I don't know as to whether this one will ever make

good breeding stock, but she might be able to balance your checkbook. We'll start the bidding with three hours of intellectually stimulating conversation, a little bit of understanding and a lot more than most of you, I'm sure, have to offer. What? No takers?

Sandra Belanger

LIFE

Let's Face It

As we look at the world today
with an open eye,
The future is approaching
as the present passes by.
Fears become realities and
hopes are only dreams
Of what the world prepares for us
and if it's what it seems.
Life is very strange right now
in ways we'll never know,
And we find ourselves anticipating
how finally we'll go.
And will the ending reach us soon;
or is it far away?
For some it may be never, for others
it's today.
So let us look upon this; it's
a problem to be solved.
And put the love back in the world, the
love that was dissolved.

Noreen Connell

Polyester Mama

She was a polyester mama, walking down the road. She was a polyester mama, had some hell beneath those clothes. She was searchin' for a man, wouldn't settle for any ordinary Joes.

Her name was Ruby--Ruby McQueen.
She came from downtown Memphis, searchin' for her dream. She looked high and low, but her man just couldn't be seen.

She went from NY to LA (and you know there's no one there). She did Chicago and Dallas. She just ain't got no flair. Maybe if they looked--right through those tacky clothes, they'd see she was a woman and love the things she knows. But she just ain't had no chance...What a lonely soul!

She was a polyester mama, crying in the street. She was cryin' so bad for the man she did not meet. But cryin' does you no good--Girl get off your feet!

She bought a bright red roadster, to get her around, she was determined to find him, yes, he would be found. She went from state to state--town to town.

She went for miles and miles for some years
(she was getting kinda old)
She found the last-chance bar in Georgia,
And what a sight to behold! There was a
man there in the corner--sitting all alone.
He wore a polyester jacket and to her he
was sold; she found her man at last...
And her story has been told.
Polyester mama got her polyester man.

Lisa Watkins

A New Challenge

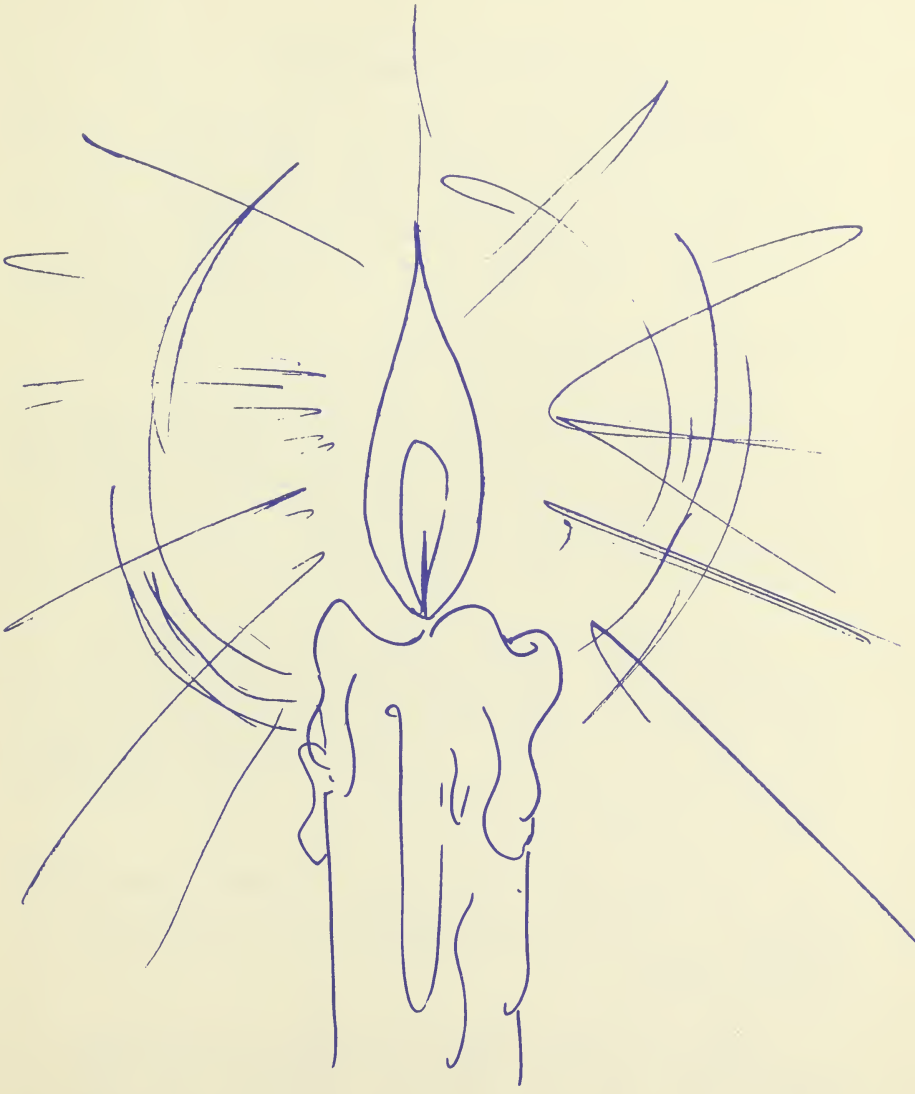
Though miles may separate us
And people may criticize us
Our undying love and devotion will bind
us endlessly.

Though others may teach us
While losers may cheat us
Our own teaching will keep fresh the
memories.

Though time goes on and passes by
The birds fly south, the flowers die
Though love is blind and blood is thicker
We must reflect on past thoughts to
create new illusions.

Though the world seems big, and
Hard to face
Adapting, contracting, setting a pace
Though blondes have fun and coke
Brings smiles
Home won't change no matter where I am.

Noreen Connell



A Storm in Cape Verde

I always remember my dear grandfather who used to tell me fantastic stories of events which happened during his life. I don't remember all of them but I still remember the most dangerous of events that happened to him and two of his sons: one was my father, whose name is Armando, and the other was my uncle, whose name is Afonso. They are twins, so one was just like the other.

The event I am going to tell you about happened in one of the Cape Verde islands, called S. Nicolau, in a lake. For ten years my grandpa had come to that lake to fish and canoe. That time he had brought his two oldest sons, both eleven years old, as well as a very close friend.

The sky was overcast that morning spitting raindrops into a gradually rising wind. Unable to fish, the group spent much of the day inside a tent they had brought. By late afternoon the sky was gemstone-blue, the temperature in the high 60s, and all of them in their canoes.

By five o'clock they were halfway across the lake. My grandpa was in a canoe with his son Armando, and his friend with his son Afonso in another canoe.

The wind came without warning. My grandpa and Armando were the first to notice. Then the darkness hit them and the lake exploded as suddenly

as if a bomb had been dropped in its center. For many minutes they paddled into the storm's fury. The waves that pummeled their canoes every few seconds seemed to erase whatever progress they made, but eventually they worked their way within a stone's throw of the shore. Then their canoes began slipping backward. Grandpa didn't know what to do.

The maneuver was exceedingly dangerous. If they didn't get completely turned between waves, a broadside would capsize the canoes. But it was their only hope. They began paddling and the canoes eased sideways, wavered, then straightened out just in time. They had made it. They reached the shore of the lake exhausted and safe.

Early in the next morning my grandpa, his sons, and his friend walked along the shoreline. The sky was cloudy, the air chilly; dead ducks washed high up the beach attested to the fury of the storm the night before.

Every father, grandpa thought, wishes for an experience that will earn him the respect of his children. He knew, by the way his sons had snuggled close, after the rescue, that the lake had given him that experience.

Nidia Ferreira

How Do You Feel...

When you're alone and walking down a crowded street, you pass a continuous flow of faces, and you wonder if anyone will remember yours. Every face you pass looks unusual and distinct. Some look so familiar that you almost want to say hi. And sometimes you do. And sometimes they say hi back.
And you keep walking.
How do you feel...
when you see a mother with two children in the park? You walk a little closer to make sure they're having a good time. She looks away from her children only to find her eyes on you. She smiles quietly, nearly tiredly. And you keep walking until you see a squirrel hopping through the park. They are always moving so quickly that you never actually see one just walking, unlike their fellow park inhabitants, the pigeons, who don't seem to move, nevertheless fly. They just hang out in the sun and wait for someone to throw them food. After a while you move on because pigeons aren't all that exciting.

Ginny Cahill

Autumn's Children

Autumn's children do as they're told,
there to be bought, beaten or sold,
to be your companion as you grow old.
Can you keep them warm as they grow cold?

Sunday Survivors of the night before,
close their eyes and swim toward shore.
The sun is rising and they're just realizing
they've control over what's in store.

Renaissance Paintings in peculiar places
wizened faces void of mirth
they walk far behind, for it's hard when
you find there is no place left for you
on earth.

And they stand there speaking of Jesus
and counting their change it's all
deranged
I can't help wonder if all of this is
real or if it's all been arranged.

Sandy Belanger

The crisp breeze blows across my reddened
cheeks.
I feel the crackling of the ice beneath
my blades.
There is a glimpse of the trees and hills
as I whirl about.
The heavenly solitude takes me away.
My own little world.

Nada Ann Jones

Hope for Human Nature?

Words tumbling from your lips
like pebbles of erosion
They are empty like your soul--
A deep dark abyss,
infinite, bottomless.
Lies all lies,
The Want-Wraiths cry;
Their flesh scored
by acidic untruths.
Misled harpies'
stone-rending claws
grip truth's silent whisper
and life's hidden flaws.

Sandy Belanger

GOTHIC

Lisa 81

Susan Mahagen Is Not

Split, white skin
Red, voluptuous red
Oozing from a forgotten wound
Eyes turned up to the brain
Watching patterns of darkness
Dance a ritual to life's exit.
But Susan Mahagen is not dead.

Ears closed to blasting sirens
Feet shuffling, throats crying,
Urgent gossip, wondering tongues.
Sold to the spilling, roaring,
Endless orgasm only red makes.
But Susan Mahagen is not dead.

Spirals through space,
Past Heaven, resting upon her elbow
Close to Hell, sleeping on her feet
Suckles a void, leaving the soul
With a faraway mother.
But Susan Mahagen is not dead.
Susan Mahagen is not.

Georgette Gauthier

Inside Out

It all shows now, through the transparent nakedness, these tendril veins of a forgotten nobody, bluish neontubes, flashing and flashing, advertising the error.

They arc and spark in the inferior breeze like short-circuited snakes. Hissing and smoking, stinking of ozone, they bite their own tails for security.

A heart beats in the flashing, like some senile bass drummer who has taken a wrong turn down a darkened alley. It booms against the darkness of fear in want of some better protection.

I peer from the inside out for the source of the commotion. It evades my comprehension, behind these heavy metal eyelids, beyond this cold metal grate. I thrust forward my arms, my face is bitten by the rust and corrosion caused by the thousand who have been here before me.

The booming intensifies. The flashing increases. Like some gaudy harlot paraded before the masses, I scream despair.

Sandy Belanger

Confusion

Clouds encircle the spiral staircase
to the passage of my mind.
The air surrounding me is contaminated
Beyond that which I can comprehend.
I reach for the answers so that I can
escape from this realm,
Only to find that as I reach,
Oblivion comes closer than ever
before.

Doreen R. Silva

Fish Heads

They swim by me engulfed in their own
pond--motionless.
I stand on shore and observe--wanting no
part of their niche.
I retreat
And dive full forcedly into the river
that keeps me moving and changing.
No need to conform here,
I have space.

Anonymous

DEATH

The change of seasons
from phase to phase
a conviction from within
conflicting with your environment.

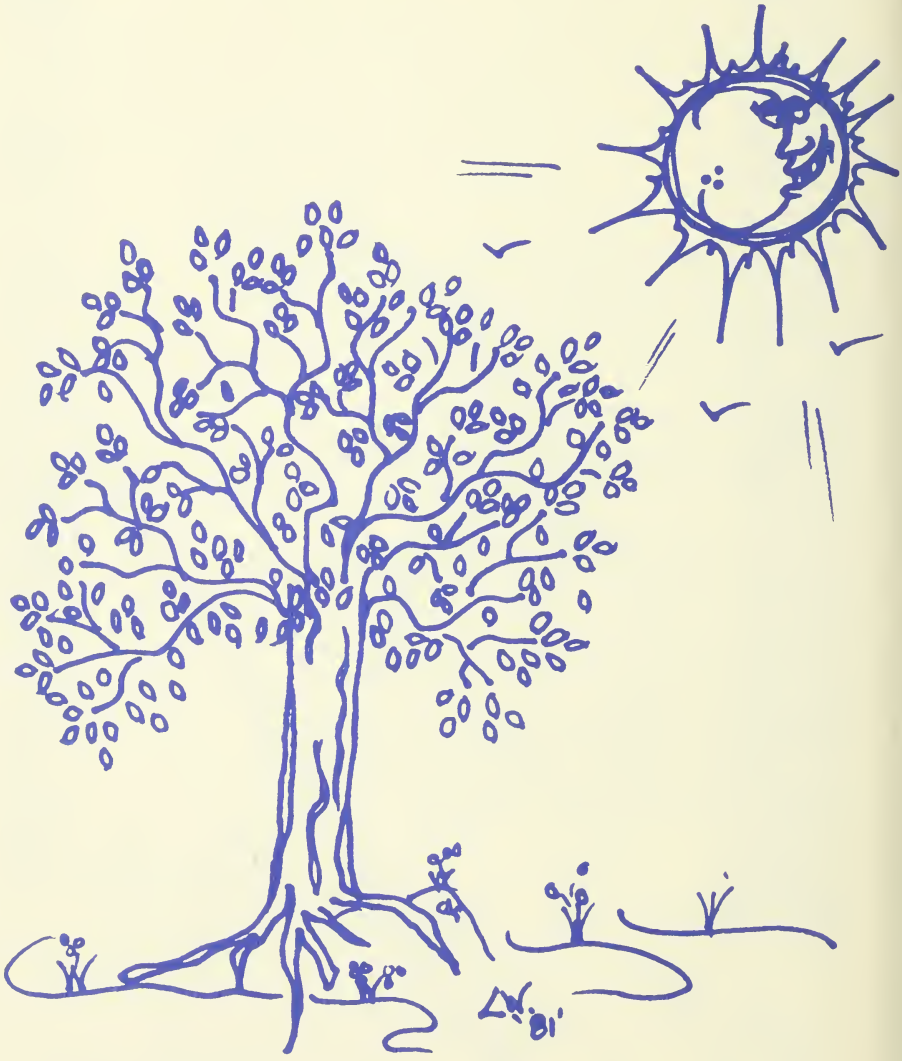
Intelligence peaks
but aimed toward a segment
in time we've yet to reach.

Futuristic images elude your presence
causing your insight to become cloudy.

All that made your present
is now a part of the past.

Is there anything left
to bring back what has passed
before your eyes?

Laurie Ann Kucko



The Frustum

Seeing across the dunes, your mirage,
     wavering in the heat of my passion.
Rushing forward I stab at the image
     with my inexpressible thoughts.
They are no more effective than a wooden sword.
Retreating, I fly up on screams of frustration,
     alighting upon the pinnacle
        of all of my words.
Gazing to either side, Past-Future,
     looking down to the present,
my arms outstretched in mute disbelief,
     I fall, tumbling, to shatter into
a million undefinable shards
     at the base of my folly.

Sandy Belanger

NIGHT

The Night

Hunched on his laurels
He teases
With his diadem
Of purple and gold
Then slinking upon us
Hoarding warmth
With shadow fingers
He snatches the sun
All is black
He laughs
He knows.

Georgette Gauthier

My Evening Alone

I could dream forever.

Dreams reflect my everyday thoughts and expand my fantasies. They enhance my imagination by magnifying my expressions visually. The vivid colors and images race through my head.

Occasionally I awake tired from my journey into sleep. On those evenings I begin to ascend into an unusual atmosphere. I can smell something musty, dangerous. My inner thoughts spill from my overworked mind. They flow continuously from hidden corners not yet encountered.

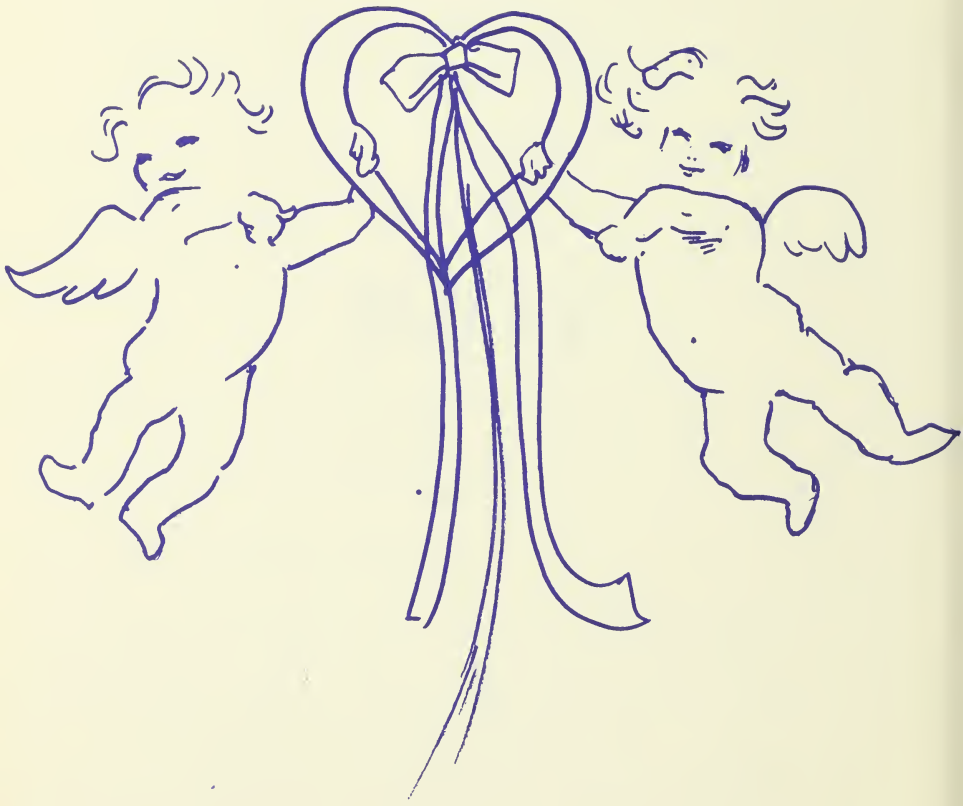
Faces dart behind my eyes, and figures move out of my unconscious. I focus on the dog laughing with the cats. The scene is replaced by a crowded room.

There is music playing.

But where are the musicians? Surely horses, pigs, and unicorns can't play guitars and drums. Surely they cannot sing! They are singing though. And the music sounds great. The unicorn, the lead singer, has a pig accompanying him on drums. Whoever said a horse can't play the bass? The notes rise from my head and fill my bedroom with noise.

Ginny Cahill

LOVE



Midnight Tears

I am a captive
of my own longing
the feelings so intense
of my desire
for belonging

To someone so special
so exclusively mine
it hurts so much
to pass through
this lonely time

I lie awake during midnight's darkness
cloaked in the romance of a star-spangled night
wondering if he, too, might
be waiting

I've known love, in days long ago
yet as I remember, the tears start to flow
so the stars sparkle gently, far away in the sky
while my face
rains emotion
as I
cry

Karen Hartfield

License Plate Number Eight Ten

He drove me home the other night.
He's tall with light brown hair.
(He's a beautiful sight!)

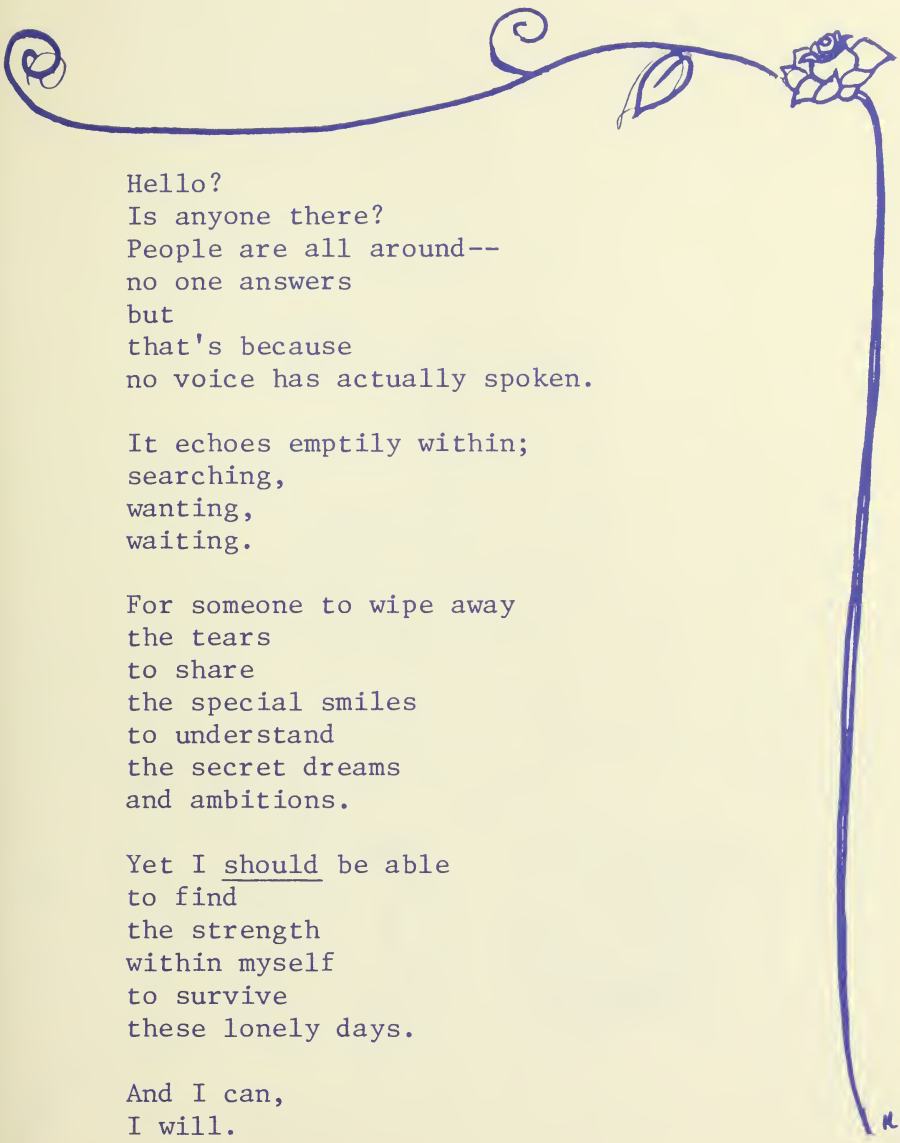
I couldn't believe I was in his car.
Where he drove me was not too far.

We stopped to talk before my house.
He did the talking. I was a mouse.

I strolled through a misty fog inside
And wondered if anything
Would come of that ride.

Now I think and hope I'll see him again.
But if I don't, I'll never forget
License Plate Number Eight Ten.

Judy Olivolo



Hello?
Is anyone there?
People are all around--
no one answers
but
that's because
no voice has actually spoken.

It echoes emptily within;
searching,
wanting,
waiting.

For someone to wipe away
the tears
to share
the special smiles
to understand
the secret dreams
and ambitions.

Yet I should be able
to find
the strength
within myself
to survive
these lonely days.

And I can,
I will.

It would just be nice
to have someone beside me.

Anonymous

A Gift of Love

I do not have a dozen
roses that will last
only two days.

What I have
is your gift of love
that will last me
a lifetime.

Carolyn A. Hines

Young Love

What is this feeling I have deep inside?
A feeling of loneliness, one of hurt pride.

Put him out of your mind, I keep telling myself.
The past is dead, the memories on the shelf.

Solutions are easy to say, not so easy to do.
Each time I see him, I cry the night through.

Things will work out with the passing of time,
But to be not together is really a crime.

When two people have loved right from the start,
They should be together, their hearts not apart.

The flaw was my youth. I was too innocent.
He taught me life: I thought him magnificent.

But he never told me about all the pain,
And how when he'd leave me, I'd not feel quite sane.

The trouble with good things is they never do last,
And when good times are over, we dwell on the past.

Judy Olivolo

Memories Are for Remembering

A memory is but a dream
too tangible to hold
like a snowflake that
has glistened and sparkled
floating
gently
through
the
air
only to melt into icy cold water
in the palm of your hand
leaving no hint of past lacy whiteness

I will remember all that is important
as I remember the times I needed you
and you held me close

When I cried for those huge realities
even those you would not change
if you could

So I will remember
and shed a tear or two
and shake a fist at the sky
for whatever it is that
melts snowflakes.

Laurie Ann Kucko

How Can I Tell Him

How can I tell him he's not the one,
That he brings me rain instead of the sun?

How can I tell him things aren't as before,
That we can't hold hands and walk by the shore?

How can I tell him we're only good friends,
That we'll probably never be lovers again?

Now that I've found out he was untrue
There's nothing else that I can do.

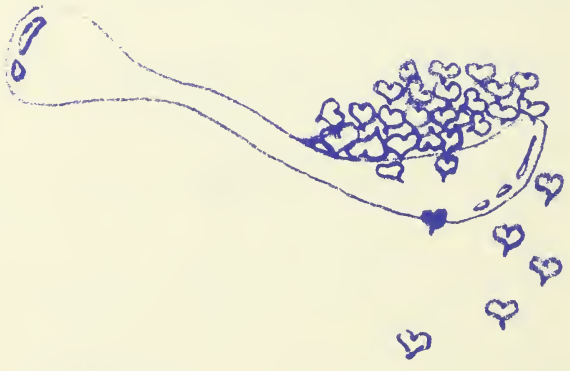
But when we speak, he seems sincere,
It sounds as though he really cares.

Now I'm the one who is untrue,
Because I don't love him and I do love you!

How can I tell him and hurt him again.
It's not him I love, it's his best friend.

Judy Olivolo

△ Lovin' Spoonful



Time Can't Erase

It's a lonely night and damp outside
I followed along with the rain
As I watched it fall, I sat and cried
And could remember only the hurting, the pain.
It's hard to forget and start anew,
I loved the feelings shared
Everything around is a reminder of you
A reminder of love and how we both cared.
With each little drop of rain that falls,
I see a reflection of time
And my make-believe clock turns back and stalls
On those magical moments of yours and mine.
Then the hands continue along,
And stop on a time of distress
I was helpless, confused, and very wrong,
And I lost you, your touch, your loving caress.
There was no way possible to undo my mistake
Though I tried every way I knew how
And each time I failed my heart would break,
As it breaks each time I come close to you now...

Noreen Connell

First Love

Someday you will open your eyes
to the world.
We will be old.
I will be just a memory.
Let me go.
Reality must flow into the air
we breathe.
My heart must break before life
can start again.
Oh, but I love you so.
Please, let me go.

Amy A. Elder

Finally

Finally...
your presence in my mind
has set my soul at ease.

I've waited so long
to feel again the inner peace
the sparkle of your eyes.

It's amazing
how different life seems
just because
you're now a part of me.

Finally...
to smile feels right.
It starts deep inside and
works its way out for
the whole world to see.

With the gentleness of
your caress
and the honest tenderness of
your glance, you've
finally
wiped away all traces of
my midnight tears.

Karen Hartfield

SADNESS

Trash Day

Empty, wanton hopes displayed
upon my curbstone.
Discarded dreams, their wrappers torn,
hide amid the clutter of banalities
and crumpled sheets of past indulgence.
Wrinkled cellophane images of
disjointed realities glitter in the sun,
tiny beacons of conscience
cutting into the fog of self-deception.
Broken mirror shards of contempt
reflecting back at themselves again
and again; and endless shadow-play
of self-torment with an audience of one.

Sandy Belanger

Should I?

Should I grab
A splintered mountain
On the way down?
Cutting my hand
Rivulets of blood.

Should I fasten
To a cloud
On my way down?
Touching a dream world
Closing my eyes
Visions of nothing.

Should I hold
A golden bar
On my way down?
Plundering a possession
Soul of emptiness.

Should I plunge
Into a lucid pond
On my way down?
Bubbles of reflection.
Should I?

Georgette Gauthier

Deep Darkness

My depression hangs over me
Like a thick black cloud.
I feel the air engulf me
As I lie here in a daze.
When will this release me?
Each day I wither away slowly,
And my body is dissolving
Into this dark cloud.
My patience has run out,
The time is here.
I am pierced with daggers
And tormented by torn souls.
I'm where I belong now...
Among the un-rest.

Ginny Cahill

You

The nights are long
And the tears continue to flow.
As they wander down your face--
You want to stop them
But cannot.
It is a difficult time,
The time of the "Me Generation."
Me for me
You for you.
Where has the understanding gone?
People escape people
And fall helplessly into themselves.
Once entrapped into you
There is no escape.

Ginny Cahill

FRIENDSHIP

What a Mind Can Do

A day passes unfullfilled
thoughts remain unsolved;
While
Tomorrow will creep on with
loneliness lingering--then
A conversation sparks!
And minds are exchanged.
Time rolls by,
Crowded with shared fantasies
and unexpected excitement.
Things are different now.
A friendship has evolved
And erased the emptiness inside.

Ginny Cahill

Best Friends

A best friend is always there when you're down
to make a smile out of your frown
A best friend is always willing to share
which makes you know that she really does care
A best friend knows when you're sad or depressed
she can tell by the looks that you will express
A best friend is really a glorious dream
who partnered with you, makes a wonderful team
A best friend makes promises that never will break
and always gives without wanting to take
A best friend will listen with an open heart
when you feel like your world is falling apart
A best friend, when lost, will come looking for you
which gives you a chance to show your feelings too
A best friend isn't hesitant and will not prolong
telling you straight out if you're right or wrong
A best friend will love you through good times and bad
and will always help out whether happy or sad
A best friend is someone who'll time and again
have nice ways of showing that you're friends
till the end...

Noreen Connell

Dreams

Reality is not the boundary of dreams,
But the foundation
To make those dreams become the reality.

Judy Olivolo

Sharing laughter, sharing tears;
girl talk and giggles, anger and sadness.
Sharing dreams, sharing frustrations;
success and hopes, rejection and obstacles.
We're behind each other, we will make it;
For we are friends, we are sisters.

Nada Ann Jones

HOLIDAYS

With a big red nose and a white powdered face,
he bounces happily around.
With his humorous stunts and skillful acrobatics,
he has not a care in the world.
With his glorious smile, he brings joy to those
who watch.
But now the show is over and the make-up is
cleansed away,
The time has come to confront the problems and
reality that were temporarily hidden beneath
a painted grin.

Nada Ann Jones

Thanksgiving at Hilton Head

This year the family announced that we were going to spend the Thanksgiving vacation in Hilton Head, South Carolina. This idea was appealing, especially since the weather was becoming colder by the day and the thought of beaches and sunny tennis courts was nothing to object to. My grandparents were coming with us and we had rented a house conveniently located on a golf course.

Going away for Thanksgiving is not a new idea in our house. Last year we went off to Bermuda for the holiday. It is part of an odd rebellion against holidays that some of the older Fishers are going through. Last year they beamed at their roast beef on Thanksgiving Day. I sat quietly off to one side and consumed turkey and stuffing and thought of Miles Standish and Pilgrims and Indians. They discussed tennis strategy. I wondered what kind of nostalgic holiday memories I was supposed to be forming.

While Bermuda was sunny and warm, Hilton Head was far from Utopia. It rained almost every day and we saw the sun only once in the entire week. We played tennis in the rain and played golf in the cold. An optimist would have said that the vacation was restful. That is what I tell acquaintances. It was restful because we couldn't do anything. I finished a tale by Isak Dinesen

and a large jigsaw puzzle. I did not go swimming or get a tan.

Vacations are a wonderful time to be together with one's family if the family has not been stuck in the rain for a week. Thanksgiving away from home can be interesting and fun in the right situation. It is generally true, however, that it is much easier dealing with the family in the sun than it is coping with the turkeys in the rain.

Alix Fisher

Thanksgiving '80

Thanksgiving Day was very busy for me. I got up at 5:30 in the morning to get ready for my three-hour car ride to my cousins' house in Wayland, Massachusetts. The rest of my family had arrived in Wayland the day before, but I remained home to attend my high school's annual bonfire.

I was on the road by six and there wasn't much traffic, so I arrived at my destination by nine o'clock.

I had just driven into the hotel parking lot when I noticed my mother and sister getting into their car. I jumped out of my car and into theirs and we were on our way. We drove for about twenty minutes to Weston where my cousin Danny, a Wayland High quarterback, and the rest of the team were preparing for the annual Thanksgiving game against Weston High.

The game got underway at ten and was over at twelve-thirty. Wayland won the game 36-12, so there was ample reason to celebrate. From the game we drove to my cousins' house in Wayland and arrived shortly after one. Most of my father's side of the family was there. There were about thirty-five of us in all.

For the next six hours we ate, drank, and talked. There were periodic interruptions with friends stopping by and people coming and going.

At two o'clock, all the festivities were halted for about an hour when we all participated in a football game, where one half of my relatives played the other half.

Things at my cousins' house started to wind down between seven and eight. It was around eight when I proceeded to say good-bye to all my relatives and headed for the hotel.

I washed up and fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. All in all it was an enjoyable Thanksgiving.

Janet Fitzgerald

HAIKU

H.W

Spring arrives on time
Always fearing she should end...
Embrace the victor.

Pat Donovan

Soft petals of love
deadly thorns if you turn. Quick!
Freeze the moment now!

Pat Donovan

The flowers are nice
They bloom big and colorful
Spring is in the air.

Pam McNamara

The mountain was big
We want to climb anyway
Reach the top with moon.

Pam McNamara

Cold crispy clearness
But I disrupt the silence--
feet crackle beneath.

Sandra K. Smith

Summer in the south
Humid, silent, stifling haze
suffocates my life.

Sandra K. Smith

Rain on rose petals--
Moisture beads on soft velvet
Glitter in the sun.

Sandra K. Smith

Water clear and blue
feeling like a feather
smooth, shiny, gentle.

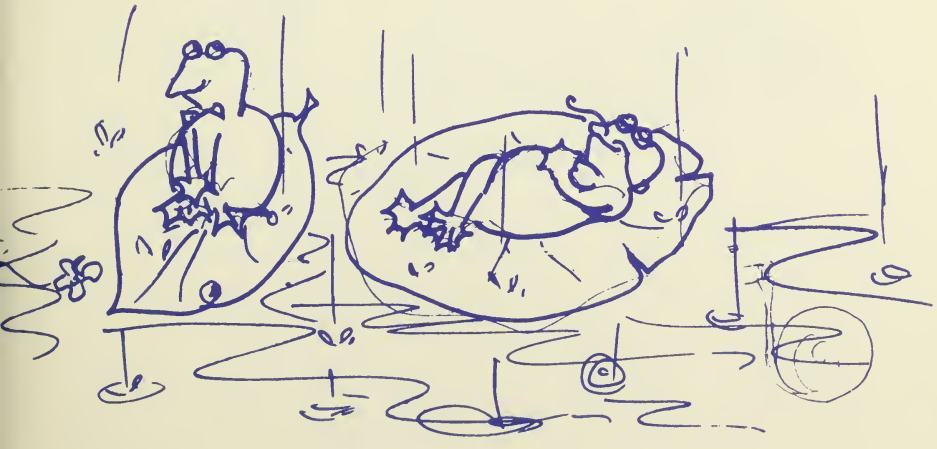
Miriam Morales

Frogs,
swimming, jumping, eating
and along comes the fly.

Miriam Morales

The frog in the pond
Jumps from lily pad to pad
Skimming the water--laughing.

Kathy Fountain



The sound of the sea
The waves are beating the rocks
Spraying water high.

M. Papandrea

Sit at the water
Watching the tide roll away
Here it comes again.

Cheryl Capobianco

Music in the air
Birds singing softly, sweetly
The wind blows gently.

Justine Maffei

The beautiful sun
Peeking over the mountains
Is the dawn of life.

Debbie DuPont

On a cool bright day
Standing on the sandy shores
The cool wind whips me.

Debbie DuPont

Outside children play
Warm breezes carry laughter
Even through the rain.

Nancy Genova

The winter's whiteness:
Is dead with the beauty of
The summer's success.

R. Farrington

Ocean calm, quiet
Palm trees blowing softly too
People walk on sand.

Hope Harrison

Fields of green clover
Breeze flows gently and steady
A cow's tail swishes.

Sharon Collins